

THE MAN HIGHER UP

By HENRY RUSSELL
MILLER

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CHAPTER XVI. THE FORCE.

BOR whirled sharply. As he faced her the blood rushed to his cheek and his eyes glinted in angry surprise. In an instant, however, he answered with perfect composure:

"Twice, I believe, I hardly expected to meet you here, Mrs. Gilbert."

"Three times, I'm sure," she said pleasantly. "It's very stupid, but really all I can think of is that trite old saying that the world is very small, Mr. McAdoo."

Bob's sense of humor came to his aid as he looked at the woman to cast whom and her influence out of his life he had come to find a weapon. He laughed.

"I should say the world's size depends upon whether you are trying to find or avoid a person."

Her face lighted up merrily. "Come, Mr. McAdoo. We are under the white flag here. I appeal to the governor. Cousin, to my rescue, for the sake of your household's peace. Mr. McAdoo and I always quarrel."

"Then I solemnly declare a truce," laughed the governor. "But I doubt her need of my protection. I fancy this young lady is quite capable of caring for herself, eh, Mr. McAdoo?"

"Quite!"

"That's very generous," she smiled. "It speaks well for a successful truce, I hope?" And she held out her hand with pretended hesitation.

"His hesitation was genuine; but, yielding to the necessity, he took her slender white hand into his big strong one—the hand, as it flashed across her mind, that had once snatched her from

Makes Rapid Headway

Add This Fact to Your Store of Knowledge.

Kidney disease advances so rapidly that many a person is firmly in its grasp before aware of its progress. Prompt attention should be given the slightest symptom of kidney disorder. If there is a dull pain in the back, headaches, dizzy spells or a tired, worn-out feeling, or if the urine is offensive, irregular and attended by pain, procure a good kidney remedy at once.

Your townspeople recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. Read the statement of this Logan citizen.

Mrs. A. King, Sr., 757 N. Fifth East St., Logan, Utah, says: "I know from observation of the beneficial effect of Doan's Kidney Pills in cases of kidney and bladder trouble that they can be depended upon to bring relief. A member of my family took this remedy, procured from Ritter Bros. Drug Co., when suffering from pain in the back and loins and his trouble was soon disposed of. You may continue to publish all I said in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills when I recommended them in 1907."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

A Household Medicine

That stops coughs quickly and cures colds is Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. Mrs. Anna Pelzer, 2526 Jefferson St., So. Omaha, Neb., says: "I can recommend Foley's Honey and Tar Compound as a sure cure for coughs and colds. It cured my daughter of a bad cold and my neighbor, Mrs. Benson, cured herself and her whole family with Foley's Honey and Tar compound. Everyone in our neighborhood speaks highly of it."

Cooperative Drug Co., Agents.

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch the worse you itch. Try Doan's Ointment. It cures piles, eczema, any skin itching. All druggists sell it.

There's nothing so good for a sore throat as Dr. Thomas's Electric Oil. Cures it in a few hours. Relieves any pain in any part.

Cause and Effect.

Statistics show that only one New Yorker in three dies leaving an estate. Well don't they have to tip the waiters?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Advice.

After a man is married he hates to sit in a hammock because it is likely to wrinkle his coat.

a hideous death. Perhaps her smile became more kindly than she intended, for he dropped her hand as though it had been a hot coal.

"And now," Mrs. Dunmeade said promptly, "peace having been established all around, let us go in to dinner." She took Bob's arm and led the way into the dining room.

At dinner Bob sat opposite Eleanor, to his considerable discomfort at first. Perhaps Mrs. Dunmeade saw this, for she guided the talk to subjects which allowed him to be the audience. And after awhile his discomfort was forgotten in his interest in the conversation and in his covert study of Eleanor, especially in his study of Eleanor. He watched her critically that he might learn, if possible, the secret of her influence over Paul. His study forced him to admit very grudgingly that any man might find it hard to resist her charm.

"Any man of Paul's temperament, that is," he corrected himself hastily. And he began to doubt the success of his mission to the capital in its ultimate purpose.

Finally Mrs. Dunmeade turned to Bob. "Tell us, how is your campaign progressing?"

"There is considerable opposition."

"If your friends' good wishes count for anything," she said kindly, "you will win. We're all anxious to see you elected."

"One good indication," Murchell added, "is the viciousness of the newspaper attacks. They overstep all bounds. That courthouse story, for instance—I personally know that you had nothing to do with it."

"No; I had nothing to do with it."

"Surely there must be some way to stop such stories," said Eleanor.

"What business is it of yours?" Bob wanted to say roughly. Instead he said grimly: "Yes. Bribe the owners."

"Who are the owners of the paper that published the courthouse story?" she asked, not seeing or not understanding the danger signals flashed across to her by Mrs. Dunmeade.

Bob was tempted. To tell her the truth, to shame and hurt her before her friends, would have been an intense of sweet savor to his hostility. But he caught Mrs. Dunmeade's pleading look.

"The opposition," he said carelessly. He was repaid by a grateful look from his hostess.

"How do you arouse a people, Mr. McAdoo?" Eleanor inquired quizzically.

"Denounce the other side," he said shortly.

"Then in politics one depends for success on the faults of the other side rather than on one's own virtues?"

"Precisely."

"No, no," the governor protested kindly. "Mr. McAdoo isn't just to himself. The truth is while he has been at the head of the Steel City organization—"

"Is that a polite name for boss?" Eleanor interrupted.

"I'm afraid it is," the governor returned pleasantly. "I was going to say that under Mr. McAdoo's leadership the district attorney's office in your county has been most efficiently and honestly conducted and the present city administration is the cleanest, most economical the city has ever known."

"Why are you so sure of being elected?" Eleanor asked.

"Because I play the better game."

Suddenly Murchell, who had taken little part in the conversation, leaned forward and leveled an accusing finger at Bob.

"That's not true," he said sternly. "It's false to the people of your city and to yourself. You're the shrewdest and boldest politician in this state. But your knowledge of the game alone would never make you mayor of your city, nor will it be due to the fact that you are a boss with an ironclad machine at your back. You're more than a boss. You have made yourself the leader of the people in their fight against the railroad-steel trust. Therefore you will win. Not the master politician or the boss of a machine will be elected, but Robert McAdoo, leader of the people. The responsibility will be yours, but it will not be your victory, but the victory of the cause you represent, the victory of the force."

"The force?" Bob and Eleanor exclaimed together.

Murchell's hand dropped to the table. His lean, haggard face showed a red spot in each cheek. "Yes, the great social force in whose grip we all are; the force that makes the main, the social unit, find his happiness, his welfare, in the happiness and welfare of his brethren, of society; the force that has given John Dunmeade strength to struggle, libel and misunderstand, against those who defy this principle of the universe. The force that has placed in you—forgive my bluntness—the crassest egotist I have ever known, the spirit to defy and fight the same enemy of your brethren. The force that makes you and John Dunmeade, by grace of a common enemy, necessary to each other, and makes you both necessary to the people of this state. The force that will give you the victory."

The old politician stopped, his black eyes gleaming fiercely at Bob through the shaggy eyebrows. Of what was going on within him Bob's mask-like expression gave no hint as he met Murchell's gaze intently. He shifted his glance to the others and found that he, not Murchell, was the target for their eyes. Upon Dunmeade's gentle face was written the exaltation of the martyr who sees into the beyond and beholds his triumph; upon his wife's countenance, both triumph and understanding. Eleanor was looking at him with an expression Bob could

not understand, though he knew that for once it was not hostile. He turned again to Murchell, an ugly glitter in his eyes.

"Do you add the force that led you, the first of the school of corporation politicians, to create the very conditions we are fighting?"

Murchell did not flinch. "No, I have been of those who abused power, and therefore I have been the greatest criminal of my day. I add the force that will lead you two to repair the damage I have done."

Bob's mouth twisted into his sardonic grin. "It's a hopeless theory, Mr. Murchell. You make us all blind automatons. You take away from me—the crassest egotist you have ever known—my individuality, my reason for existence, my self, and you give me in exchange a species of sublimated socialism."

"Yes," Murchell said quietly, "the socialism of Christ when he commanded 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

"Your force is as inexorable as God's."

"The force is God," Murchell answered quietly.

"Yes," Mrs. Dunmeade said gently, "for God is love."

Bob turned to her, and the sneer faded from his mouth. "What does the force give us in exchange for our selfishness? What have I, reduced to an automaton, to make life and action worth while?"

"The happiness of seeing your fellow-happier," she replied, "and love."

He broke into a laughing, mirthless laugh. "Pardon me," he said, recovering himself. "I'm not laughing at you or your force, but at a joke I had forgotten. I was introduced to your force two months ago."

"No, my friend," Murchell said, "at your birth."

When the men were alone Bob proceeded to explain his visit.

"Now that we have reached a verdict convicting me of conspiring to uplift humanity," he began, "let's get down to business if you're ready to hear me."

"We are ready."

"The other day," Bob went on, "I had an interview with Henry Sanger, Jr. The interview was at his request. He is backing Harland. Harland doesn't know it, but there's no doubt about it. Sanger was very frank. He informed me that he and his 'fellow investors' intend to break with you openly and finally and to select the next governor, legislature and senator. He came to propose that I join with them. He held out big inducements. He offered to contribute to my campaign fund; also to place the next governorship under my control and to put me at the head of the new state organization, subject to certain limitations, of course."

"I told him that I proposed to line up with you," Bob paused, looking at the others inquiringly.

"I suppose you didn't leave your campaign merely to tell us this," Murchell said.

"No. As I told Sanger, I choose to join you people. But, of course, my doing so depends upon certain conditions. I must name the next candidate for governor," Bob said coolly.

"That," Murchell said decidedly, "we can't consent to unless your candidate meets with our approval. Have you some one in particular in mind?"

"Yes; Remington."

"Paul Remington?" Dunmeade exclaimed. "I had suspected"—He paused.

"His ambition must be high," Murchell said, looking at Bob in surprise.

"No. He knows nothing of the object of this visit. I don't suppose he has even thought of himself in connection with the next governorship."

"Nor am I prepared for the suggestion," Murchell said thoughtfully. "Can he be elected?"

"He stands as good a chance as any one we could pick. He's the most popular man in the Steel City. He has a clean personal record. He's well and favorably known over the state. He has spoken in every county. He's a good campaigner, and his youth is in his favor."

"Then can we trust him?" Murchell demanded, looking at Bob keenly.

"Yes," Bob answered firmly, almost too firmly, Murchell thought.

"Well," Murchell said slowly, "you may be right; but, frankly, while I like and admire Remington, I haven't absolute confidence in him. He's brilliant and enthusiastic, but he lacks stability of character, and I doubt if he really has a high conception of political responsibility. The next governor will have need of these qualities, as the present governor has had need of them." He laid his hand kindly on Dunmeade's arm.

"If we choose him I'll be back of him," Bob said, meeting Murchell's glance steadily. "And I know him better than you do—if I think there ever is or can be the least doubt as to his good faith or nerve I will withdraw my request."

The governor reached his hand across the table to Bob. "Your word is good enough for me."

For an hour they discussed the matter in detail, Bob remaining very firm in his demand. At last Murchell's consent was won.

"Then it's settled," he said. "Let us hope we never regret it."

"You will never regret it, Mr. Murchell," Bob replied earnestly. "If I should change my mind about Remington I'll support whomever you choose."

"Do you really believe there is any chance of your changing your mind?"

"I hope not," Bob answered quickly. "In the meantime, gentlemen, be so kind as to keep this quiet for the present. I prefer that Remington shouldn't hear of it at once."

"You have no objections to my wife knowing, I hope," said Dunmeade. "I have no secrets from her, you know."

"No. But please see to it that Mrs. Gilbert knows nothing about it—especially Mrs. Gilbert," Bob added emphatically.

To Be Continued.

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HOME VISITORS'

Excursions East, Via O. S. L.

October 14th, limited for return to December 31st, November 18th and December 21st and 22nd, limited to 30 days from date of sale. For rates and further particulars, see any Oregon Short Line Agent or write, D. E. Burley, General Passenger Agent, Salt Lake City.

LEGAL NOTICES

PROBATE AND GUARDIANSHIP NOTICE.

Consult County Clerk or the Respective Signers for further information.

In the District Court, Probate Division, in and for Cache County, State of Utah.

In the District Court of the First Judicial District of the State of Utah, in and for the County of Cache.

SUMMONS.

In the District Court of the First Judicial District of the State of Utah, in and for the County of Cache.

Clara L. Petersen, plaintiff, vs. Christian F. Petersen, defendant.—Summons.

The state of Utah to the said defendant: You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after the service of this summons upon you, if served within the county in which this action is brought, otherwise within thirty days after service, and defend the above entitled action; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint which has been filed with the clerk of said court. This action is brought to obtain a judgment dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between you and plaintiff, and to obtain a decree awarding to plaintiff the land described in the complaint.

FRED W. CROCKETT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

P. O. Address: Logan, Utah. d5

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FRED W. CROCKETT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

P. O. Address: Logan, Utah. d5

NOTICE.

In the District Court of the First Judicial District of the State of Utah, in and for the County of Cache.

In the matter of the Estate of Bertha A. Preston, deceased. Notice.

The petition of Mary Preston, the administratrix of the estate of Bertha A. Preston, deceased, praying for the settlement of her final account and for the final distribution of the said estate to the persons entitled thereto, has been set for hearing on Saturday, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1911, at ten o'clock a. m., at the County Court House, in the court room of said court, at Logan City, Cache County, Utah.

Witness the clerk of said court with the seal thereof affixed, this 11th day of November, A. D. 1911.

(Seal.) R. W. JAMES, Date of first publication November 9th, 1911.

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In the District Court of the First Judicial District of the State of Utah, in and for the County of Cache.

Elvira D. Ballard, Annie D. Whalen, Herbert Davidson and wife, Polly Davidson, Ada D. Dahle, Amy D. Preston, Jennie D. Gibbons, Joseph R. Davidson, single man, Nettie Davidson Shurtluff, Melvin J. Ballard, guardian of the person and estate of Edna Davidson, a minor, John W. Cowley and wife, Annie Cowley, Hyrum Cowley, single man, Annie H. Larsen, David Cowley, single man, George Cowley and wife, Sarah Cowley, sole and only heirs at law or Thomas Davidson, deceased; William Ellis, widower, and Annie E. Yeats sole and only heirs at law of James Ellis, deceased. Defendants.

The State of Utah to the said defendants: You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after the service of this summons upon you if served within the county in which this action is brought, otherwise within thirty days after service, and defend the above entitled action; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint, which has been filed in the office of the clerk of said court. This action is brought to obtain a judgment quieting plaintiff's title to the land described in the complaint.

FRED W. CROCKETT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

P. O. Address, Logan, Utah. n16

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

In the District Court of the First Judicial District of the State of Utah, in and for the County of Cache.

In the matter of the estate of Lemuel Rogers, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the District Court of the First Judicial District of the state of Utah, in and for the County of Cache, made and entered on the 30th day of Sept. 1911, in the matter of the estate of Lemuel Rogers, deceased, the undersigned, the administrator of said estate, will sell at private sale upon the following terms: Cash, ten per cent at time of sale and balance upon confirmation thereof, subject to confirmation by said court on or after the 25th day of Nov. 1911, the following described real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, and situated in Cache County, Utah, to-wit:

The north-east quarter of the south-east quarter of section twenty-two (22) in Township twelve (12) north of Range One (1) West of the Salt Lake Meridian, containing forty (40) acres, together with one-fiftieth (1/50) of two-fifths (2/5) of all the water arising and flowing from natural tributaries into the water course commonly known as the "Dam", situated on the north side of the county road between Logan and Mendon in Cache County, Utah, together with an equal right to the use of the canals made for the purpose of conveying the waters from said dam in a westerly direction to the land formerly owned by the Logan Co-operative Pasture Company.

Also, the north half of the south-west quarter of section twenty-three (23) in Township twelve (12) North of Range One (1) West of the Salt Lake Meridian, containing eighty (80) acres, subject, however to a right-of-way over the following described land, to-wit:

Beginning at the north-east corner of the south-west quarter of said section twenty-three (23) and running thence west one (1) rod; thence south eighty (80) rods; thence east one (1) rod; thence north eighty (80) rods to the place of beginning.

Also, all of lot one (1), Block nineteen (19), Plat "C", Logan Island Survey, containing ten (10) acres more or less.

And written bids will be received by the undersigned at Benson, Cache County, State of Utah.

Dated this 6th day of November, A. D. 1911.

EZRA RICKS, Administrator.

In the District Court of the First Judicial District of the State of Utah, in and for the County of Cache.

In the matter of the Estate of John Giffins, Deceased.

The undersigned will sell at private sale, the following described real estate in Cache county, Utah: Commencing at the southwest corner of lot 2, block 4, plat "A", Logan City Survey, thence north 18 rods; thence east 9 rods; thence south 8 rods; thence west 4 rods 2 feet; thence south 10 rods; thence west 4 rods 14 1/2 feet to the place of beginning.

On or after the first day of December, 1911, written bids will be received by the undersigned at his residence at Logan City, Utah, or at the office of J. C. Walters, Esq., attorney at law. Terms of sale, ten per cent at time of bid, balance on confirmation of sale by the court.

Dated November 8th, 1911.

JOHN QUAYLE, Administrator.

'Let's go to Maxim's

Where fun and frolic
Beams."

Business Men's Lunch
11 to 2 40c.

Table D'Hotel Dinner
5 to 8:30 \$1.00

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Salt Lake City

E. L. Wile, Manager

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DIRECTORY

TO THE FARMERS

Bring your HIDES, FURS and BEESWAX to the reliable firm, THE LOGAN HIDE AND JUNK CO., of Logan Utah, where you get the Highest Price.

We pay 5 1/2 cents per pound for old rubbers.
6 cents per pound for old metals.
50 cents per 100 pounds for cast iron.

Don't forget the place, 146 South Main, Logan, Utah. Tel. 62. Don't give away to Peddlers.

FRED W. CROCKETT

Attorney and Counselor

At Law